

# Run A Train

J. Cole

Ooh  
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Fuck do you know 'bout my passion?  
Fuck do you know 'bout my pain?  
Fuck do you know 'bout my struggle?  
Fuck do you know 'bout Jermaine?

They say the Lord's timing is divine  
And I walk with Him, so that explains mine  
Cold deep down you may find  
All that pain creates a strange bond  
Slums connected like the drums in a bass line  
Petrified of death and poverty I chase mine  
Like breathalyzer tests, I'm tryna walk a straight line  
Meditating for a better state in my deranged mind  
Till I saw the Buddha pose and realized he throwin' gang signs  
I guess the lesson is you can't escape crime  
Even when the strays flying I remain calm  
Fayettenam, you my heart but at the same time  
If I'm being honest I can feel that flame dyin', uh

Uh, so I'm ridin' through the city streets reachin' for a memory to hang on  
Goin' backwards like a penalty to see a younger me, but that day's gone  
Wild times looking up at cloud nine, how high can Jermaine climb?  
Remember when they ain't respond when you holla  
Funny how a few dollars can change minds

Fuck do you know 'bout my passion? (Ta-ra-ra-ra-ra)  
Fuck do you know 'bout my pain?  
Fuck do you know 'bout my struggle? (Ra-ra-ra-ra-ra)  
Fuck do you know 'bout Jermaine?  
Ten toes is down on the pavement  
Umbrellas don't stop no rain (Ra-ra-ra-ra-ra)  
Niggas they die everyday  
Fuck the world, let's run a train (Ra-ra-ra-ra-ra)

Since I was a pipsqueak lean on survival instincts  
On backstreet's where they tearin' up hearts like them guys in NSYNC  
Codeine in they soda dirty poppin' plus how to ends meet  
When serving rock on deserted blocks tryna cause a frenzy  
To profit quickly, I'm passin' by my pockets empty  
Tryna to make a legal dollar seem harder than guarding Wemby  
When you're hardly six feet tall, if somehow I could ball  
I better work hard on my handles 'cause niggas gon' try to rip me  
Don't wanna RIP, but if I leave no God to lift me  
I'd rather sit inside a Bentley and be the owner like providin' kidneys  
I know the love does not extend deep  
I choose my homies wisely, seen too many die from friends beef  
Big dreams to change the world back when I ride a ten speed  
Youthful delusion thinkin' through music I could engreave  
When too many bodies get piled up in these rival's histories  
So stoppin' this violence is like bringing the Gaza Strip peace

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